

The KING and the Northern Man,

Shewing how a poor *Northumberland* Man, Tenant to the King, being wronged by a Lawyer his Neighbour, went to the King himself, to make known his Grievances.
To the Tune of Slat,



TO drive away the weary Day,
A Book I chanc'd to take in Hand,
And therein read most seriously,
A Story as you'll understand.

Perusing many a History o'er,
Amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view,
The Book's Name, and the Title was,
A Lesson too good to be true.

I read of a Northumberland Man,
Born and brought up on the King's Lnd,
He paid twenty Shillings Rent a Year
To the King, as I understand.

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
That with his Firms was not Content;
But o'er the poor Man hung his Nose,
Because he gather'd the King's Rent.

He told him, He his Lease did forfeit,
And he must there no longer abide,
The King by such had great Deceit,
For you the World is broad and wide.

The poor Man pray'd him for to cease,
Content himself, if he'd be willing,
And pick no Advantage in my Lease,
And I will give thee forty Shillings.

Not forty Shillings nor forty Pound,
I'll warrant thee, nor can we agree,
Unless thou yield thy Farm so round,
And bow unto my Courtsey.

The poor Man said, he would not do so,
His Wife and Bairs would make ill Work;
If thou wilt my Farm will let me be,
Thou good Fellow, I'll give thee five Marks,

The Lawyer would not be content,
At rather the Matter he meant swell,
The Neighbours had him provide his Rent
And make Submission to the King him!

He got a Staff upon his Back
A Jerkin, I wot, that was of Grey,
With a blue Bonnet he thought it no lack,
And to the King he fast did hie.

He had not gone a Mile from Town,
But one of his Neighbours he did spy,
How far is't to the King? For thither am I bound,
As fast as ever I can hie.

I am sorry for you, Neighbour, he said,
For your Simplicity I make moan,
I'll warrant you, you may ask for the King,
When nine Days Journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King had won so far,
I'd ne'er fought him a Mile from Town,
He's either a' fought me, or we'd ne'er come near,
At Home I had rather ha' spent a Crown.

But when he came to London City,
Of every Man he for the King did call,
They told him he needed no Pity,
For the King now lives at Whitehall.

With 'spying of Farlies in the City,
Because he had ne'er been there before,
He lay so long a Bed the next Day,
The Court was removed to Windsor that Morn.

You ha' laing too long, said the kind Host,
You ha' lain too long by a great while:
The King is now to Windsor gone,
He's further gone by twenty Miles.

I think I was curs'd, said the poor Man,
If I had been wiser I might ha' consider'd,
Be like the King of me has got some wor,
He had ne'er gone away had I not come hither.

He fled not for you, then said the Host,
But hie to Windsor as fast as you may,
Be sure it will requite your Cost,
For look what is past the King will pay.

But when he came to Windsor Castle,
With his humble Staff upon his Back,
Although the Gates quite open stood
He laid on them 'till he madne them crack.

Stay Friend, art thou made? quoth the Porter,
What makes thee keep this Stir to Day?
Why, I am a Tenant of the King's
And have a Message to him to say.

The King hath Men enough, said the Porter,
Your Message well, that they can say;
Why, there's ne'er a Knave the King does keep,
Shall ken my Secret Mind to Day.

It was told e'er I came from Home,
E'er I got thither it would be dear bought;
Let me in, I'll give thee a single penny,
Thou'lt take small e'er thou do it for nought.

Cra' Mercy, said the Porter then,
Thy Reward is great I can't say thee nay,
Yonder's a Nobleman within the Court,
We'll hear what he can say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
He said he would shew him some Sport,
There's such a Clown come to the Gate,
As come not this seven Years to Court.

He calls all Knaves the King does keep,
He raps at the Gate, and makes great Din,
He's passing Liberal of Reward,
He'd give a single Penny to be in.

Let him in then said the Nobleman,
Come in Fellow the Porter did say;
If thou come in thyself, he said,
Thy Staff behind the Gate must stay.

This Cuckold's Cut must lig behind,
What a Cut hast thou now got with thee?
The King will take him up for his own sell,
I'll warrant, when he doth him see.

Bethrew my Limbs, then said the poor Man,
Then may thou count me Fool or worse,
Wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
For want of Money may pick my Pusie.

Let him in with his Staff and Dog, said the Lord
He gave a Nod with his Head and beck with his Knee
If you be Sir King, then said the poor Man,
As I can very well think ye be.

For I was told e'er I came from Home,
You're the goodliest Man e'er I saw before,
With so many jingle Jaingles about one's Neck,
As is about yours I never saw none.

I am not the King, said the Nobleman,
Fellow, though I have a proud Coat:
If you're not the King, help me speak with him,
You seem a good Fellow, I'll give you a Groat.

Cra' Mercy, said the Nobleman,
The Reward is great I can't say thee nay;
I'll know the King's Pleasure if I can,
'Till I come again before thou stay.

Here's like a saying, said the poor Man,
Like the King's better than in our Country,
I might a gone to farthest Nook in the House,
Neither Lad nor Loon to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came unto the King,
He said, he could shew his Grace good Sport,
Here's such a Clown come to the Gate,
As came not this seven Years to Court.

He calls all Knaves your Highness keeps,
And more than that he terms them worse,
He'll not come in without his Staff and Dog,
For fear some Bankrupt pick his Pusie.

Let him in with his Staff, then said our King,
That of his Sport we may see some,
We'll see how he'll handle every Thing,
As soon as our Match of Bowls is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a Room,
And through many a Gallery gay,
What D---- I doth the King with so many Houses,
That he gets them not fill'd with Coin and Hay.

At last he spy'd the King in a Garden,
Yer from his Game he did not start;
The Day was hot, he cast of his Doublet,
He had nothing from his Waist but his shirt.

Lo, yonder's the King, said the Nobleman,
Behold good Fellow where he goes:
I believe he is some Unchrist, says the poor Man,
That has lost his Money and pawn'd his Cloaths.

But when he came before the King,
The Nobleman bid him Courtsey:
The poor Man follow'd after him,
Gave a Nod with his Head, and beck'd with his Knee.

And if you be Sir King, said the poor Man,
As I can hardly think you be,
Here's a good Fellow that hath brought me hither,
Is liker to be the King than ye,

I am the King, his Grace then said
Fellow, let me thy Case understand,
If you be Sir King, I'm a Tenant of yours,
That was born and brought up in your own Land.

There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,
And a Fault in my Lease he saith he hath found
And all for telling five poor Ashes,
To build a House on our own Ground.

Hast thou a Lease here? said our King,
Or can't thou shew to me the Deed?
He gave unto the King's own Hand,
And said, Sir, here 'tis, if you can read.

Let's see thy Lease, then said the King,
Then from his black Box he pull'd it out,
He gave it into the King's own Hand,
With five Knots ty'd fast in a Clout.

We'll ne'er unloose the Knots said the King,
He gave it to one that behind him did stay
It is a proud Horse, then said the poor Man,
Will not carry his Provender along the Highway,

Pay me forty Shillings as I'll pay you,
I will not think much to loose a Knot,
I would I were so occupy'd every Day,
I'd unloose a Score of them for a Groat.

When the King had got these Letters read,
And found the Truth was really so,
I warrant thou hast not forfeited thy Lease,
If thou hadst sell'd five Ashes more.

I, every one can warrant me,
All your Warrants are not worth a Flee;
For he that troubles me will not let me go,
Neither care for Warrants of you nor me.

Thou'lt have an Injunction, said our King,
From troubling of thee he will cease;
He'll either shew thee good cause why,
Or else he'll let thee live in Peace.

What's that Injunction, said the poor Man,
Good Sir, to me I pray you say,
Why, it is a Letter I'll cause to be written,
But art thou simple as thou shew'st to be?

Why, if it be a Letter, I'm never the better,
Keep it to thyself and trouble not me,
I could have a Letter writ cheaper at Home,
And ne'er come out of my own Country.

Charge all you see to take your Part,
'Till he pay thee an hundred Pounds,
Before thou never let him start,

If any seem against thee to stand,
Beture thou come hither straightway:
I marry, is that all I'll get for my Labour,
Then I may come trotting every Day.

Thou art hard of Belief, then said our King,
To plete him with Letters he was willing,
I see you have taken great Pains in writing,
With all my Heart I'll give a Shilling.

I'll have none of thy Shilling, then said the King,
Man with thy Money, God the win,
He threw it into the King's Bosom,
The Money lay cold next to his Skin.

Bethrew thy Heart, then said our King,
Thou art a Carl some what to bold,
Dost not thou lo'e I am not with bowling,
And the Money next to my Skin lies cold.

I ne'er wist that before, said the poor Man,
Before like a Time as I came hither,
If the Lawyers of our Country thought 'twas cold,
They would not heap so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,
And bid him fetch up twenty Pound;
If ever thy Errand lies here away,
I'll bear thy Charges up and down.

When the poor Man saw the Gold down tender'd
For to receive it he was willing,
If I thought the King had so mickle Gold,
Bethrew my Heart I had kept my Shilling.

The poor Man got Home the next Sunday,
The Lawyer loon did him elpy,
Oh! you have been a stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you be.

It was from you indeed, says the poor Man,
The Matter to the King did tell,
Did as my Neighbour put in o my Head,
And made a Submission to him myself.

What De'il dost thou with the King, says the Lawyer,
Could not Friends and Neighbours agree thee and me
The De'il a Neighbour and Friends that I had,
That would have been such a Day's Man as he.

He gave me a Letter, I know not what they call't
But if the King's Word be true to me,
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you'll live and let me be.

He has given me another, I know not what it is,
But I charge you all to hold him fast,
'Till he pay me an hundred Pound,
I will go tie him fast to a Post.

This is very strange the Lawyer said,
Then the Attachment 'twas read before them there
Thou must needs somethings credit me,
'Till I go Home and fetch some mair.

Credit, say, that is it the King forbid,
He had if I got thee, I should thee stay,
The Lawyer paid him an hundred Pounds,
In ready Money e'er he went away.

Would every Lawyer was served thus,
From troubling poor Men, they would cease,
They'd either shew them good Cause why,
Or else they'd let them live in Peace.

And thus I end my merry Song,
Which shews the plain Man's Simleness
And the King's great Mercy in righting Wrong,
And the Lawyers' Fraud and Wickedness.